

## THE JUNIOR RICHMOND PALLADIUM

The Junior Palladium is the children's section of the Richmond Palladium, founded May 6, 1916, and issued each Saturday afternoon. All boys and girls are invited to be reporters and contributors. News items, social events, "want" advertisements, stories, local jokes and original poems are acceptable and will be published. Articles should be written plainly and on one side of the paper, with the author's name and age signed. Aunt Polly is always glad to meet the children personally as they bring their articles to The Palladium office, or to receive letters addressed to the Junior Editor. This is your little newspaper, and we hope each boy and girl will use it thoroughly.

## AUNT POLLY'S LETTER

Good Evening Juniors—Isn't it nice that there are so many new things always happening and just about to happen in the world? There are so many new ideas and new happenings and new inventions and new kinds of worth while things to do, and new ways of looking at old things that sometimes they almost make us bewildered—but happily bewildered. It is such fun to think something new is always just about to turn up. By the time people were all comfortably fixed in their buggies and carriages and being drawn faithfully though rather slowly by dear old Dobbin, all of a sudden came out a little carriage not hitched up to any horse that went running around by itself—and at a good rate of speed. After we became used to automobiles came the airplanes and so it has always been—one new thing after another. Oh, there's no end to them. We cannot do without horses nor automobiles, but to have horses and automobiles and airplanes is much more interesting than just to have one of these things, isn't it?

If we keep our eyes open we will see new things—as a little Richmond girl saw a strange looking freak (as to colors) of a bird, the other day, and if we keep our minds cleared and working, we can think new things and then perhaps we can make new things—and this is one of the joys—one of the very "joyiest" joys of life.

Oftentimes things that are old to others come as new things to us, but that doesn't take away any of our fun in getting acquainted with them. For instance I read this morning about feeding humming birds from bottles and it sounded so delightful. I am going to try it this spring. The person who told about it, said that he took five little bottles and filled them with diluted honey or a weak sugar syrup, hung them up in different places—oh yes, they were dressed in bits of bright crepe paper on the outside to attract the little birds, and waited to see if the humming birds would come. For two days nothing happened and then one evening one little humming bird came and then more came and they came during their stay north, which is from about May 15 to Sept. 15, all the time and seemed to like it very much, besides pleasing the one who was watching them. That is something new to many of us, isn't it?

By the way, isn't it nice that the birds in their homes in the south remember to come back to us every spring? Think what our woods and fields and yards and orchards would look like, even in their beautiful new spring clothes, if there were no birds.

Mr. Henry Ford is only one of many, many people who are seeing new things to do all the time. Right now in his experimental factory in Dearborn, Michigan, he has a model of a new tractor, lighter than any yet made, and therefore better. He is working, too, on a water turbine and in fact, something new all the time.

And you juniors, are you watching for new opportunities and ideas and new spring flowers and new bird visitors? It's a wonderful thing to do.

AUNT POLLY.

## EASTER IS COMING

Easter day is coming!  
Crimson, blue and green,  
We children color Easter eggs—  
The prettiest ever seen.  
—Lee Davis, Valle school.

## DO YOU KNOW—

This week's question, by the "Y" Scoutmaster:

In what book and chapter is recorded the parable of "The Prodigal Son?"

Answer to last week's question, How did the Twelve Apostles die?

Simon P.: Crucified head-downward at Rome. (Tradition.)

Andrew: Crucified on St. Andrews' cross (X). (Tradition.)

James the Elder: Beheaded by Herod, A.D. 44, at Jerusalem.

John the Beloved: Banished to Patmos A.D. 95. Recalled. Died a natural death. (Tradition.)

James the Younger: Crucified in Egypt. (Tradition); or, Thrown from a pinnacle in Jerusalem. (From the Ch. historian.)

Jude: Martyred in Persia. (Tradition.)

Philip: Died at Hierapolis in Phrygia. (Tradition.)

Bartholomew: Flayed to death. (Tradition.)

Matthew: Died a martyr in Ethiopia. (Tradition.)

Thomas: Martyred. Shot by a shower of arrows while at prayer. (Tradition.)

Simon, the Cananean. Crucified. (Tradition.)

Judas: Suicide.

## QUERY CORNER

Dear Aunt Poly—Who is my garil? Harry K.

Dear Aunt Poly—Dose my garil love me? Harry.

Dear Harry—You now have a different "garil" from the one you had last week, when you sent your query in, so the star gypsies told me, and so I do not know her name.

Yes, she likes you 5½ days out of every week but she does not at all like being spelled "garil".

Aunt Polly.

## SPOT—A DOG SOLVES LOST GIRL'S MYSTERY

Richmond, Ind., Tuesday, March 1, 1921, Little Josie Hannon at the age of five vanished from her home about 9:30 in the morning.

Her mother went to one of the neighbors. On returning she could not find Josie any place in the house.

About an hour after that she noticed that Spot was gone. It was but a few minutes until the dog was home. In a short time he was gone again and did not return for some time. When he came home he barked around and acted very strangely.

Then about 4:30 that afternoon Mrs. Jones, one of the neighbors, came over and found Mrs. Hannon crying. She asked her, "What was the matter?"

Mrs. Hannon, said between sobs, "Josie was gone when I came from Mrs. White's this morning and I can not find her any place."

Mrs. Jones said, "I have seen Spot, Josie's pet dog go and come from the river all afternoon."

Mrs. Hannon said, "I will go right down to the river and see if I can find Josie."

So she went down to the river and found Josie crying and Spot with her. Mrs. Hannon took her up in her arms and kissed her and carried her all the way home.

When she got home her mother asked her, "Josie, why did you go to the river?"

Why mother, "I did not go to the river only because I had to."

Her mother asked her, "Why did you have to?"

She said, "There was an old man hiding behind the house and when you were gone he took me down to the river and threw me in the river and ran away. Spot jumped in the river and got me out, oh! I just love Spot. Just as she said this she picked Spot up and hugged him."

Mrs. Hannon said, "The next time I go away you will go with me."—Alice Lucile Reynolds, 7th grade, Fountain City, Ind.

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## "Taken for Granted"

Other Girls Jealous, Jean Proud, Goes to Dance in Hugh's Car

"Is this you, Jean? I thought you were going to call me up about the Senior dance. What time tonight shall I call?"

It was Bob Brook's voice on the phone. Jean hesitated. She had forgotten to call Bob. "Why—why, Bob," she stammered, "I'm sorry I didn't call you. I'm going with Hugh Hurley."

With an "All right, Jean, I'll see you at the dance, anyway," Bob hung up.

"Yes, and that's all he cares about it," thought Jean. "I'm tired of being taken for granted as Bob Brooks' girl. Oh, well, I'll dance with him one or two times. Bob is a goodhearted fellow. Any one else would be sore at what I've done."

Usually the girls walked to the dances. It was an event for them to ride, even in one of the Weston jitneys. No wonder Jean was proud that evening to go to the Senior dance in the biggest car in town.

"Well, here we are, little girl!" said Hugh, as he assisted her out of the machine. He held her hand a trifle more tightly and a trifle longer than really was necessary. Jean's heart jumped. No other boy had called her "little girl." Bob had never held her hand that way. She recalled one evening of the summer before when she overheard an experienced young lady of 23 summers say, "A fellow can call you a lot of nice things and not mean it, but when he calls you 'little girl' he's in love with you."

Later in the evening when she was dancing her one dance with Bob, she overheard Hugh saying to Sarah Ramsey, as they passed, "You're a picture tonight, little girl."—Could it be possible that he was calling Sarah the same thing he had called her not two hours before. Of course not! Jean told herself she surely was mistaken.

"Why this sudden change of heart, Jean?"

"Oh, Hugh is so fascinating."

That was rather hard on poor Bob. He liked Jean and wanted her for his own girl. He wanted to tell her so but his bashfulness stopped him.

It was a glorious evening for Jean. Nevertheless, after it was all over and she was alone in her room, she couldn't help wishing she had not overheard Hugh say what he did to Sarah.

Hugh Kicks Opponent, is Put Out of Game, Weston High Defeated

Twice during the week following the Senior dance, Hugh Hurley took Jean riding in his car. He told her all about the coming basketball season and how he expected to use the

## THE FAMILY ALBUM



training gained in the city high school to good advantage when playing on the Weston team.

Of course Bob Brooks was a mainstay on all the school's teams, but he never talked much about it. It was taken for granted that Bob would be there to help win the games.

Friday evening came and the girls went to the game in a bunch. "Hello, Jean," called Ted Irvin as they were taking their seats, "here to help your new fellow win the game?" Jean answered with a laugh. She was pleased and proud to have her name and Hugh's linked together.

"Hurrah for Weston!" "Get the ball, Hugh!" The din started.

Oh, how proud of Hugh she was! How thrilling to watch him play. Hugh was a forward, and made baskets. Bob was only a guard. What good are guards, anyway? They don't do anything.

The game was two-thirds over and the score was close. Suddenly the referee's whistle blew shrilly. "That tall fellow kicked an Elmhurst man," pointing at Hugh. Hugh shot back an angry reply, and the referee ordered him off the floor. A substitute was put in. Elmhurst won the game by a narrow margin.

"If they hadn't put Hugh out we'd have won!"—"Of all the mean, dirty tricks!"—"Let's mob that referee." The whole Weston school was indignant.

Jean was angry at everybody, more so, because down in her heart she knew the referee was right. She tried to persuade herself that he was not, but she could not forget that she had seen Hugh kick his opponent. She knew that it had not been an accident. Hugh knew what he was doing.

At the door below Hugh was waiting for Jean. He didn't have a great deal to say. It was plain that he was angry still. On the way home he made an occasional remark about "raw deals," "dirty tricks," and the like.

"Never mind, Hugh," said Jean, "you know the bunch is coming over to our house tomorrow night. Come along and forget about it." —Boys' and Girls' Newspaper. (More Next Week.)

## The Cross of Kazza

Chapter V.

Taza's lips tightened and hastily dressing, the King led him to where the Royal Queen had met her unhappy end. Then Taza said quietly:

"If you have a horse saddled for me and two strong men to accompany me in case of an attack I will bring back your daughter just as she left you and all your gems including the Cross of Kazza and the murderer of your wife. If I cannot, I will not return."

King Moza ordered three of his fastest steeds saddled and told two of his favorite knights Sir Vaza and Sir Cyar to accompany Taza in his adventure. (Va-za), (Si-ar).

The sun shone down on three riders that day, on three coal black steeds.

This was Taza and the two knights Vaza and Cyar. At noon they rested under a tree in the shade and ate their simple lunch, then journeyed on.

One day, three days later they slipped upon the camp of the thieves and Taza saw Ta, the man of the garden and Taza's blue eyes grew hard for he knew Ta had the girl he loved—Princess Eya. Taza turned to the two men at his side and said:

"Comrades, I will go thither, disguised as a hungry, thirsty, foot sore, dying stranger and perhaps I can make good my promise. Stay close. If I blow three blasts on the horn I wear around my neck come at once, farewell," and the three parted, the two taking Taza's horse with them.

Then Taza made up his simple disguise. He ran his fingers thru his thick yellow hair and threw gravel in it, then threw dirt over his dark red suit and drawing off one sandal threw it away in the grass and started limping towards the camp.

A sentinel met him at the gate but Taza's gasping breath and limping gait led to no suspicion. Also Taza had put on a black patch over his right eye and a long brown beard (he had, brought for this purpose) disguised him so Ta would not recognize him. Some of the rogues were really kind-hearted and fed the stranger and brought him a pair of their sandals for his feet. Taza told them his name was 'Patch O'Dell' and the men all had heard of 'Patch O'Dell' the greatest rogue off the galleys but had never seen him so they readily took him as their comrade. When Taza was brought before Ta, Taza gritted his teeth to keep from killing the beast but he put on a bold front and Ta accepted him as one of his gang.

In a week Taza grew disgusted at the rogues' everlasting boasting and took a walk around camp. "Perhaps," he thought, "I can find Eya."

At the large tent of the captain he saw a slight youth in blue clothes struggling to carry a bucket of water which was too heavy for him. Taza walked quickly towards the slim youth and said quietly:

"Here, here, my lad thou art too frail to lift that, let me carry it."

The youth raised his face and Taza almost cried out for it was Princess Eya.

"Eya, Eya," he murmured.

The youth's face grew puzzled and then in the voice Taza knew was Eya's said:

"Who art thou that knowest my name?" And Taza pulling off the patch and beard said:

"Look beloved. I have come to take you home."

"Taza" cried the happy maid and threw herself in her lover's arms. Then she said softly:

"I'm so happy just now, Taza, for I love you but I can never go home. If you knew all you would despise me. I will tell thee all now."

"Nay, nay, dear Eya, do not tell me something that pains thee to tell for thou couldn't not do wrong, thou angel of purity."

"Yea, I must tell thee first, Ta, the rogue, is my lawfully wedded husband."—Thelma I. Darby.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO RIDDLES FOR THIS WEEK

1. AUNT 2. DOGS  
UTAH OVAL  
NAME GAME  
THEN SLED

3. What trees has fire no effect upon?—Ashes, because, after being burnt they are ashes still.

4. It is the grub that makes the butterfly.

## The First Doggie of the Land



Caswell Laddie Boy.

When Caswell Laddie Boy, Airedale terrier, was presented to President Harding the thoroughbred doggie thereby became the first canine of the land, of course. Charles W. Quetsche of Toledo, O., presented the dog to Harding. The animal is fifteen months old. His grandsire was an international grand champion, Tin-Twin Tip-Top.